

ARMY NEWS.

CONCERNING THIS AND OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

The latest Army items compiled by "The Times" Special Army Reporter - Leaves, Furloughs, Changes of Station, Etc.

The following is a resume of the week's orders issued from Gen. Miles' headquarters:

By authority of the Secretary of War, six months' furlough granted Sergt. Alexander Cheatham, Troop I, Tenth Cavalry, Ft. Verde.

Four months' furlough granted Sergt. Levi Bradley, Troop E, Tenth Cavalry, Ft. Verde.

Company D, Ninth Infantry, stationed at Rosales, Ariz., has been relieved and ordered to station at Ft. McDowell, Ariz.

Lieut. J. A. Perry, Tenth Infantry, ordered from Ft. Selden, N. M., to report here to the Chief Quartermaster.

A general court-martial is appointed to meet at San Carlos, Ariz., on the 18th inst., with Capt. East Adam, Sixth Cavalry, president, and Second Lieut. William G. Elliott, Ninth Infantry, Judge-Advocate.

Private Benjamin Nichole, Company B, Ninth Infantry, acting hospital steward, was recently ordered from Ft. Winfield, N. M., to Ft. Thomas, Ariz.

Private Charles Schroeter, Company C, Ninth Infantry, Ft. Apache, ordered reported for duty at regimental headquarters.

By authority of the Secretary of War, a general court-martial is appointed to meet at Fort Verde, Ariz., to inquire into the conduct of Sergt. Louis Boehm, Company H, Ninth Infantry, to take effect after reexamination.

The post leave of Capt. O. W. Budd, Fourth Cavalry, extended ten days on account of sickness.

Thomas Shaeffer, late private, Troop A, Fourth Cavalry, was ordered sent under guard from Ft. Lowell to the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing, Kan., the prison designation of so much of the sentence in his case as relates to confinement.

An extension of seven days to his post leave granted First-Lieut. James Parker, regimental quartermaster, Fourth Cavalry, Ft. Huachuca.

Leave of absence, Ninth Cavalry, Ft. Huachuca.

Leave for one month granted First-Lieut. James B. Jackson, Seventh Infantry.

Second-Lieut. Lewis D. Greene, Seventh Infantry, announced as aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General, and granted leave in person at headquarters, Department of the Plate.

A furlough for three months granted First-Sergt. George F. Miller, Company C, Ninth Infantry, with permission to visit Philadelphia.

Division of the Pacific - Leave for eighteen days granted Col. William R. Shafter, First Infantry.

Company G, First Infantry, relieved from duty at Ft. Tresidell, and to take station at Benicia Barracks, Cal., changing station with H Company.

One month furlough granted Private John Bairns, Company B, Fourteenth Infantry, Vancouver Barracks.

Leave for six days' furlough granted Private William J. Dooley, Company I, Fourth Infantry.

Col. Hughes, Inspector-General of the Division, inspected the post of Ft. Gaston, Cal., during the month of August.

Major G. O. Howard assumed immediate command of the Department of the Columbia on Oct. 5th, during the absence on leave of Brig. Gen. John Gibson.

Lieut. William H. Wassell, Ninth Infantry, granted leave for six days for duty.

Capt. M. C. Foote left Whipple Barracks for his home on September 23rd.

Sergt.-Maj. Thomas M. Moody, Ninth Infantry, has been granted a delay of two months' furlough, in addition to Whipple Barracks, in addition to the thirty days granted by his post commander.

Sergt. Anson W. Stay, Company F, Ninth Infantry, the distinguished marksman who represented the Department of the Columbia in the National Rifle competition at the International Encampment there.

The sergeant enters the lists as one of the Regular Army Team, detailed by Maj.-Gen. Terry for the competition.

Troop M, Tenth Cavalry, reached its destination - Ft. Bayard, N. M. - on the 14th inst.

Col. Chauncy McKeever, Assistant Adjutant-General, ordered to Vancouver Barracks and Ft. Townsend, Wash., during the week, on official business, from division headquarters at San Francisco.

THE SAUNTERER.

There are men here in Los Angeles driving teams who are not fit for that business. They are criminally careless, and appear to be indifferent to accident and danger.

The Saunterer was on a street car Friday - one of the First-class line - and just as the car was turning the sharp curve at the corner of Spring and Spring streets, the car along driving a wagon heavily laden with window and door frames, so piled up that they extended a couple of feet or more beyond the wagon bed. Just as the car reached that part of the track where the road was narrowest, the reckless teamster sought to drive his team past the car through this narrow channel. Of course, as a natural result, his load came with a crash against the side of the car, and the teamster with passengers. Had the horses attached to the wagon or to the car taken fright a serious accident would probably have resulted.

That teamster should have been taken in hand by the police officer upon the corner for his inexcusable recklessness.

Leave of absence for six months granted Lieut. John H. Wills, Twenty-second Infantry.

Capt. George B. Pond, Assistant Quartermaster, ordered on business from Ft. Riley, Kan., to New York city.

Leave for three months, on surgeon's certificate, granted Capt. William N. Sage, Eleventh Cavalry.

Lieut.-Col. George A. Forsyth's (Fourth Cavalry) leave has been further extended two months.

The following enlisted men have been transferred from the line to the hospital corps: First-Lieut. George J. Westerfield, Troop E, Second Cavalry; Richard H. Weissler, Company H, Nineteenth Infantry; Ulrich W. Schmid, general service, Columbus Barracks; Henry F. Hacke, Troop A, Ninth Cavalry; and First-Lieut. Company A, Twenty-first Infantry; Joseph Waters and Henry Gallop, Company K, Thirteenth Infantry; Charles Koch and Anthony M. Kirch, Troop M, Sixth Cavalry; Augustus G. and Jeremiah Clifford and W. M. Haskell, Company I, Twentieth Infantry; Samuel S. Rohrrock, Company D, Tenth Infantry, and Frederick Binder, Company E, Twenty-first Infantry.

First-Lieut. Thomas Cruse, Sixth cavalry, promoted from Troop E to Troop L, has been ordered to join troop at Ft. Stanton, N. M.

Capt. Arthur Morris, Fourth Artillery, and Capt. G. Gordon, Sixth Cavalry, have been found incapacitated for active service, and are on the 5th inst. retired from active service in conformity with section 151, Revised Statutes.

On his own application, after thirty years of service, Capt. Daniel Madison, Sixth Cavalry, on the 5th inst. was retired from active service, and ordered to his home.

Leave of absence for four months granted Capt. Colon Angier, Second Cavalry.

Two months' leave granted Capt. Gilbert E. Overton, Sixth Cavalry.

Maj. W. B. Hughes, Quartermaster, retired from duty in Washington and assigned to duty at Fort Riley, Kan., as Chief Quartermaster, to replace Maj. George R. Dandy, who, upon being relieved, is to report to the Quartermaster-general for duty.

A board of officers to consist of Lieut.-Col. Charles G. Sawtelle, Lieut.-Col. Benjamin C. Card and First-Lieut. Constantine Chase were ordered to assemble in Washington City to examine into and report upon the qualifications of applicants for appointment as superintendents of national cemeteries.

Maj. William E. Creary, paymaster, has been assigned to duty at Omaha, Neb.

A further extension to include November 20th has been granted Maj. Joseph W. Wham, paymaster, recently assigned to duty at Tucson.

Private Patrick McKeogh, Company E, Battalion of engineers, upon his own application, was placed upon the retired list September 20th.

Division of the Atlantic - Leave for fifteen days granted First-Lieut. John B. Eaton, Third Artillery, Washington Barracks.

A furlough for four months granted Capt. Michael R. Muller, Company E, Eleventh Infantry.

Capt. Charles Sutherland, medical director, Division Atlantic, visited Ft. Monroe last week on public business.

The commanding officer, Ft. Hamilton, under divisional instructions, granted three months' furlough to Sergt. Alonzo Ray, First Artillery.

One month's furlough granted Sergt. Nicholas Lawler, Battery G, Fourth Artillery.

Capt. George S. Anderson and a number of troops from the First Cavalry, Ft. Monroe, Va., to Ft. McHenry, Md., will be available before the General Court in session there, last week.

Leave for fifteen days granted First-Lieut. William R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, Ft. Columbia, N. H. II.

Dine services are held in the mission every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening.

The building, which is of three stories, contains a basement and fourteen sleeping-rooms. Three cottages in the rear of the mission also belong to it. These cottages contain about twenty-four rooms.

The institution is at present self-sustaining, but the managers would appreciate any contribution they make to the mission as attractive and comfortable as possible.

Pulman Passengers.

The following passengers went north at 1:30 yesterday afternoon: Gen. Andrade, J. B. Whitehead, Mrs. C. Meyer, E. T. Cole, George C. Parkinson, Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, Mrs. Redding, W. L. Ode, O. A. Washburn, Mr. Knobell, L. Howell, Mr. Bourgarn, Mr. C. G. Johnson, U. S. Tichon, M. H. Wallack and Du Bois Knight.

Leave for one month granted Lieut.

REAL ESTATE.

"THE TIMES" COMPREHENSIVE WEEKLY REVIEW.

Six Hundred and Eighty-One Transfers Recorded in Six Days for an Aggregate Consideration of \$1,346,150 - Classified Summary of Sales.

Business in real estate is still bogging, and although the following summary of transfers for the past week does not show quite so many large sales as usual, still, this is fully made up by the increased number of the smaller transactions, thus making the average reach about the same figure as in the summaries published earlier in the season:

On Monday there were 33 transfers for a nominal consideration; \$2 under \$1000, aggregating \$31,166; 43 between \$1000 and \$2000, aggregating \$95,466; 6 between \$3000 and \$10,000, aggregating \$44,000; 3 over \$10,000, aggregating \$141,700; total, 136, aggregating \$302,862.

On Tuesday there were 16 transfers for a nominal consideration; \$6 under \$1000, aggregating \$14,769; 45 between \$1000 and \$2000, aggregating \$90,680; 9 between \$3000 and \$10,000, aggregating \$27,900; 3 over \$10,000, aggregating \$102,126.

On Wednesday there were 15 transfers for a nominal consideration; \$8 under \$1000, aggregating \$15,107; 32 between \$1000 and \$2000, aggregating \$92,680; 2 between \$3000 and \$10,000, aggregating \$14,400; 2 over \$10,000, aggregating \$16,040; total, 136, aggregating \$200,387.

On Thursday there were 40 transfers for a nominal consideration; \$6 under \$1000, aggregating \$16,467; 36 between \$1000 and \$2000, aggregating \$94,837; 5 between \$3000 and \$10,000, aggregating \$25,000; 6 over \$10,000, aggregating \$93,150; total, 119, aggregating \$212,173.

On Friday there were transfers for a nominal consideration; \$8 under \$1000, aggregating \$14,714; 37 between \$1000 and \$2000, aggregating \$97,079; 15 between \$3000 and \$10,000, aggregating \$97,450; 2 over \$10,000, aggregating \$24,500; total, 111, aggregating \$216,049.

During the week ended Saturday, October 13th, there were 173 transfers for a nominal consideration; 229 under \$1000, aggregating \$88,389; 231 between \$1000 and \$2000, aggregating \$207,173; 29 over \$100,000, aggregating \$60,000; 300,000, aggregating \$60,380; total, 681, aggregating \$348,150.

On Saturday there were 22 transfers for a nominal consideration; \$4 under \$1000, aggregating \$14,714; 37 between \$1000 and \$2000, aggregating \$97,079; 15 between \$3000 and \$10,000, aggregating \$97,450; 2 over \$10,000, aggregating \$24,500; total, 111, aggregating \$216,049.

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Thus Bringing the Townsite of Rosecrans Within 35 Minutes of the Courthouse.

GOING!

GOING!

GOING!

= 24 - HOUSES - 24 -

AT

ROSECRANS!

NOT SHANTIES, BUT BEAUTIFUL HOMES, COSTING FROM \$2000 TO \$6000 APIECE.

\$240 Per Lot, on the Homestead Plan.

Don't get left, as you are certain to be if you omit to invest in a lot at Rosecrans, with a

chance of drawing one of these fine houses.

The Easiest Terms Ever Offered.

\$40 Down, \$10 Per Month, Without Interest.

No Poor Lots in the Tract!

Prices Will Soon be Raised!

OUR MOTOR ROAD, NEARLY COMPLETED, WILL BE RUNNING INSIDE OF TWENTY DAYS!

Thus Bringing the Townsite of Rosecrans Within 35 Minutes of the Courthouse.

Work is proceeding rapidly on the magnificent hotel, and all the houses will be ready for occupancy on the day of drawing. Good water piped on the ground. Free carriages daily. For further particulars, maps and circulars call at our office.

E. R. D'ARDOIS & W. L. WEBB, OWNERS,

Rooms 8 and 9, Wilson Block, - - - 24 West First Street, - - - Los Angeles, California.

Real Estate - Dicks Tract.

\$177,500 GIVEN AWAY AS PREMIUMS \$177,500

To Purchasers of Lots

IN THE HICKS TRACT!

FREE CARRIAGE.

1000--Magnificent, High and Slightly, Large Lots, 50x140--1000

IN BUILDINGS

\$120,000

IN LOTS

17,500

IN ORNAMENTING, GRADING AND WATERING

40,000

MAKING A GRAND SUM TOTAL OF

\$177,500

Distributed among purchasers of lots in the tract. I have commenced the erection of the first of a series of twenty houses to cost not less than \$5000 each; one hotel to cost not less than \$30,000. This is choice city property, being only two and a half miles from the very center of the city, located on the famous Brooklyn Heights, commanding one of the finest views to be found in this section of the country. Pure water with every lot. No paper schemes on this tract, but solid facts. Come, visit the tract and see the magnificent buildings now in course of construction and improvements actually being made. Terms easy - \$600 each; \$160 cash down, \$50 each succeeding month. Maps and circulars on application.

NO. 7 SOUTH MAIN ST., C. W. HICKS.

Real Estate.

Unless You Want to Buy, Don't Read This.

Being directly interested in the building of a standard gauge railroad from Los Angeles along the foothills to Santa Monica, places us in position to offer some gilt-edged bargains at various points along the route. We are sole agents for the sale of lots in Prospect Hill subdivision, in the Lick Tract, where grading has already begun and the building of a \$75,000 hotel, "The Winchester," will be pushed to completion as rapidly as men and material can do it. This is the finest and most beautiful subdivision in the county, and only fifteen minutes' ride from Spring street. The cars will be running to this subdivision by October 20th

ENTS OF THE WEEK IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

You Know and Other Gatherings—Parties, Weddings, Club Meetings and Carnivals—Personal Notes Decorated by King Kalakaua.

Between the races in the daytime and Charles Reed and his clever *Ring Baby* Company in the evening, society has been active all the week. The "first night" of the latter was quite an ovation, and many society people were to be seen scattered through the audience, who showed by their frequent applause that they can enjoy fun, even if it is arrant nonsense. The "big" day at the Park was Wednesday, when the race between the famous pacer Arrow and the no less famous trotter Arab took place. The grand stand was packed, as was the balcony of the Club House, and carriages of all ages, color and complexion filled the inside track from the third quarter pole past the judges' stand down to the first quarter, cabs, coupés and cabriolets, victorias and rockaways, dog carts, drags, charabans and phaetons, horses, black, red, white and yellow, and a moving mass of pedestrians around and about all.

A charming little party was given at Pasadena on Thursday night at the house of Dr. William Chapman. The guests were mostly Pasadena people, and dancing was the order of the evening.

Miss Charles Forman and her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Hobart of Pasadena left with his wife and daughter in a special car this morning via the Atlantic and Pacific route for Chicago.

Mr. Charles W. Saunders of the firm of Saunders & Saunders, architects, left Saturday for San Francisco in which business and pleasure will be combined.

Mrs. Laura B. Starr, correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, passed through the last week on her way to San Diego from San Francisco.

Miss Bee Snyder, a young lady of San Diego, has come to Los Angeles to attend Ellis College.

J. Bond Francisco, the promising musician, has returned to Los Angeles from San Francisco.

Judge B. L. Poole, of Tombstone, Ariz., formerly City Judge of Los Angeles, is here visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. M. Elliott.

The most prominent gathering of the week was the wedding on Wednesday afternoon at the house of Mrs. McKee, 310 Olive street, when her daughter, Miss Lizzie, was married to Jarvis C. Platt, a young business man of Chicago. The house was luxuriously decorated, and the wedding was a grand affair. The guests were many and costly, among them being two checks of \$10,000 and \$5000 from Charles Crocker and Mrs. E. B. Crocker respectively. The ceremony took place at 3 P.M. The bride was dressed in a white satin costume, with diamond ornaments. Intimate friends and relatives only were present. The couple left by train the same evening for their future home in Chicago.

The ladies interested in the paper carnival to be held in December, for the Church of the Unity, will hold a meeting in the anteroom of Hazard's Pavilion, on Tuesday, October 16th, at 8 P.M.

C. V. Longstreet left for the Queen of the Pacific Friday for San Diego. Mrs. Longstreet accompanied him.

Mrs. J. D. Strong, artist, who for several months has been a regular at the Hawaiian Club, has come to Los Angeles with the intention of opening a studio here and making this place her home. She is at present visiting Mrs. Dr. Hagan, at 337 South Spring street, and has brought a decoration of the Royal Order of Oceania, presented by King Kalakaua as an evidence of her artistic attainments.

Miss Laura Chanian has returned from a four month's visit to Eastern cities. Councilman Leland of Santa Barbara is here on a visit.

Dr. Sketchley of Los Feliz Ostrich Farm has gone to Santa Barbara on a two weeks' visit.

The Unity Club met at the residence of Mr. Pease, on Hill street, on Friday, with a large attendance. The programme of readings was well carried out. The club hopes for great things in the future in the way of intellectual progress and development.

The wedding given by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, held on Friday night, was a new departure from the ordinary social, in that a double wedding occupied a place in the programme. It didn't always go well, but the young people did manage to step from a church social to the whirling madison of married existence. In this case the Sutton brothers married, respectively, Miss M. J. Mollon and Miss Mary E. McDonald of Canada.

Wainwright, Normal of Normal Sons & Co. arrived here Thursday from San Francisco.

Robert C. Clowry of Chicago and Frank Jaynes of New York, with permanent man in the Western Union Telegraph Company, have been here looking after the interests of said company.

THE CLUB OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

Its Birth, Gradual Development and Advantages.

Of what men dare do! What men may do. What men dare not, not knowing what they do!—[Much Ado About Nothing.]

"I say, Johnson, it's an infernal nuisance this having to go way up town to one's room to wash one's hands and get ready for an evening at the theatre. Why couldn't a lot of us fellow club together and hire a room down-town for such a purpose. I think I know plenty of men who would go in on the scheme, and it would be a good place to leave one's overcoat. We could keep a change convenient in many ways."

A. W. to the Club: "It is safe to be sure about an old man, be they married or single, in this direction, so, the word being spoken, they 'go in,' accommodations filling the room, and no one need be afraid of the remainder. Why not let's spend the evening here and have a game of cards. I have a deck in my pocket, that's what the matter with a hand at whist."

Later on, the game is to be continued, and the members happening in about the same time, the following dialogue will not be an unheard-of consequence: "Joy! It's disagreeable to think you mostly get married, and the rest of us remain single. Why not let's spend the evening here and have a game of cards. I have a deck in my pocket, that's what the matter with a hand at whist."

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His Visit to Memphis Sadly Marred

By the Sudden Death of One of His Principal Hosts.

He Reached Nashville to Stay Over Till Monday.

The President Gets Left at a Small Tennessee Town and Vow to Travel Strictly According to the Programme in the Future.

By Telegraph to The Times.
MEMPHIS (Tenn.), Oct. 15.—[By the Associated Press.] Judge H. T. Elliott, who made the welcoming address to the President here this morning, died on the stand before the ceremonies were over.

THE TRAGIC INCIDENT.

The tragic incident occurred just as the President closed his remarks in response to the Judge's welcome. Though the day was not uncomfortably warm, the spot in the center of the Court square where the speakers' stand had been erected was exposed, and Judge Elliott, who stood for some time with his hat off as the President was speaking, sat down and was soon overcome by the heat. Dr. Bryant of the Presidential party, took the direction of affairs and remained with the unfortunate gentleman while the President was escorted to the Cotton and Merchants' Exchange. Judge Elliott died five minutes after the President left the reviewing stand. The heat was unusually kept from the President. Judge Elliott had written to Dr. Bryant of his route and his address, which was not alone for Memphis, but the whole South, was a memorable one.

When Judge Elliott sank into his chair in a fainting condition some 110 feet from the following, Dr. Bryant assisted by Postmaster-General Vilas and Col. Robert Looney, caught him as he was in the act of falling to the platform. Several gentlemen of the Southern party who were seated close by noticed him to be unconscious. Three of the four ladies used fans and did all in their power to revive him. Water was thrown in his face, stimulants administered. Dr. Kennedy Jones, who came to the assistance of Dr. Bryant and the two worked over the prostrate and unconscious form, but without avail. President Cleveland, who had just finished his address, stood shaking at the offering, bent over to revive the venerable jurist with a kind and sympathetic countenance, while Mrs. Cleveland seemed deeply affected.

WELCOME TO THE SOUTH.

Judge Elliott in his speech first presented Mr. Cleveland with the symbolic freedom of the city. Then addressing the President he continued eloquently: "You have recently participated in a celebration of the 100th anniversary of the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and you have held multitudes of our fellow-countrymen flocking from every direction to the spot where that instrument was fashioned, and where, in the words of the immortal shrines of that grand monument of human wisdom, 'Let me say, sir, the Southern heart was in full sympathy with that interesting occasion, and that nowhere in the land and in the world had the loyal faith to the Constitution of the United States and to the Government created by it than among the people of the Southern States."

CONCEALING THE DEATH.

The Presidential party had left the platform before Dr. Bryant had risen from over the body, and, turning to acquaintances, remarked: "Let's join the President."

In answer to "What's the trouble with Judge Elliott?" Dr. Bryant replied: "He fainted and has not yet recovered consciousness."

This was said to dispel the shadow of gloom that might otherwise have been cast over the stricken man been known. The immense throng who witnessed the incident did not realize that death had come. They made no comment about the Exposition building when the reception was held, leaving to the few friends of the Judge the sad duty of carrying the remains across the street, whence they were soon afterwards taken to the place he had left a few hours before, the residence of Dr. Cleveland on behalf of the Southern people.

The President's reception in the hall of the Cotton Exchange continued for about an hour, and from the exchange the party was escorted to the train, and left at 1 p.m. for Nashville.

ON THE WAY AGAIN.

BARTLETT (Tenn.), Oct. 15.—The Presidential train was on time here. Information has just been conveyed to the President of the death of Judge Elliott, and has greatly shocked him. He expressed the warmest sympathy with the bereaved family. Dr. Bryant says that he found no signs of life in the body, and that it was the man's side, but he said nothing until he was relieved a few minutes later by local physicians. To these he said: "The Judge is dead."

THE PRESIDENT GETS LEFT.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.), Oct. 15.—At Memphis, Tenn., the President and Mrs. Cleveland and the Postmaster-General actually got left, the train starting early for Nashville without them. McKenzie is a crossing of two roads, and the train has been switched from one to another on a Y. When the train reached the station the Memphis agents about told the President that a train had been erected, and the people were waiting to hear and see him. The President said that since they had made such preparations he would go out and show himself, but would not do so. According to him, he and Col. Vilas are safe. While the train was being switched the railroad people put the general manager's car between the engine and vestibule train, and, when this was done, started right off from the opposite end of the depot. The engine of the railroad stopped the President and party to be aboard. The train had gone a mile down the steep grade before the manager could be reached, and then, owing to the light engine and heavy train, it took quite a time to have the train stop again. The party came aboard laughing, but the President said for the future he would confine himself to getting off at places included in the programme.

ARRIVAL AT NASHVILLE.

At 9:15 the train reached Bellemeade, six miles from Nashville, where ex-Senator Judson Jackson, entered and welcomed the President's party. The President and Mrs. Cleveland, Col. Vilas, and the carriage of Gen. Jackson and became his guests till Monday morning. The other members of the party proceeded to Nashville on the train, and were quartered at the Mayfield Hotel. John Hines, of New York, a well-known Southerner, financed by invitation joins the Presidential party here and will remain with them until after their arrival at Atlanta.

ANARCHIST PARSONS' APPEAL.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Albert R. Parsons, the condemned Anarchist, has written to Gov. Oglesby asking him to go out on the record as demanding justice. "I am not (Parsons) guilty as charged and convicted. He denounces the proposed execution as a judicial murder and says if he is found innocent he wishes to be freed unconditionally. If guilty he will meet death calmly, but under no circumstances will he accept a commutation of sentence to imprisonment."

A YOUNG LADY DROWNED.

PEORIA, Oct. 15.—While out on the lake in company with a small party on the steamer Lotus this evening, Miss Carrie Washington, daughter of ex-Representative M. E. Washington, fell overboard and was drowned.

HOW A MURDERER WAS TRAPPED.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—An Gang, a Chinese laundryman from Alba, Utah, was taken back West here today by the Federal author-

ities. The crime was committed just before Gang was arrested in the depot at Alba, and a detective was put in jail with the Chinese laundry, and boasting of many numbers, Gang could not restrain himself or his own act.

Death of Elder Gano.

PANAS (Ky.), Oct. 15.—Elder John Allen Gano, aged 82 years, died at his home near Centreville, Ky., in this county, yesterday. He was one of the founders of the Reformed or Christian Church, which had its start in this county nearly sixty years ago.

A BANK SAFE DYNAMITED.

ELGIN (Ill.), Oct. 15.—The J. C. Baird & Co. Bank at St. Charles was robbed of about \$10,000 last night. The safe was blown to pieces with dynamite.

THE TRANSFER COMPLETED.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 15.—All details for the transfer of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company to the Western Union were completed this afternoon.

WASHINGTON.

DECISION IN A LAND CASE—A CIVIL SERVICE RESOLUTION—AN AGENTS' STEALINGS—CLERKS TO BE DISCHARGED.

By Telegraph to The Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—[By the Associated Press.] Commissioner of the General Land Office has rendered a decision in the case of the Northern Pacific Railway Company vs. Randolph Distler, on appeal from a decision of the Olympia (Wash.) Land Office. On November 16, 1885, Distler presented his homesied application for a quarter section within the limits of withdrawal for indemnity purposes. The consensus of newspaper opinion seems to be that Boulanger has irretrievably injured himself and virtually dug his own grave. This view is not quite shared by official circles, where the innocence of Boulanger as a military leader of the Radicals and Revanchists is predicted as the certain and ultimate issue of the warfare of parties. Gen. Boulanger's conduct is especially condemned by the whole press.

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THE FISHERY QUESTION.

COMMERCIAL UNION URGED AS THE BEST SOLUTION.

TORONTO, Oct. 15.—[By the Associated Press.] The Mail, in an editorial on Sir Charles Tupper's appointment as Canadian representative on the Fisheries Commission:

"At the last session of Parliament Sir Charles Tupper gave the country to understand that he for one was not prepared to listen to reason on the fishery question; on the contrary, he was in favor of what may be termed the 'spiritual cruise policy' for the maintenance of our hard and fast interpretation of the treaty of 1818, and he cared nothing for American threats of retaliation. He also let it be understood that he was more than ever convinced of the feasibility of creating a unified and prosperous Dominion by a protective system. If Sir Charles were still in this inenviable frame of mind, we think we should have no ground for challenging his fitness to represent us at Washington. It is said, however, that during his absence in London he has made it his business to study the whole situation. Assuming this is so, we are bound to hope that he will not be so much at a loss in his negotiations with the American Government as he was in the days of Oberly."

A NOTED Nihilist ARRESTED.

The noted Nihilist, Leon Jassevitch, has been arrested at Vienna. It is supposed that he was on his way to Copenhagen to assassinate the Czar, who is visiting the King of Denmark.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

CIVIL SERVICE RESOLUTION.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER Oberly today received from the Civil Service Reform Association of New York, of which George William Curtis is president, a copy of a resolution unanimously adopted by the Executive Committee, which earnestly approves the letter of Oberly to the Illinois Democratic Association in Washington, for its forcible arguments and its vigorous rebuke of such partisan associations of members of Congress as are tending to lead to violations of the Civil Service Law, and to promote abuses which that law was intended to correct, and which Oberly has strongly condemned.

AN INDIAN AGENT'S STEALINGS.

The Secretary of the Interior today instructed the Attorney-General to institute criminal proceedings against Jesse Lee Hall, agent for the Keweenaw, Comanche and White Cloud Indians in Indian Territory, upon charges of malfeasance in office. It is stated that Hall's defalcations will be from \$20,000 to \$30,000.

REMOVALS ORDERED.

Secretary Fairchild today approved the recommendation of Collector Magone for the removal of twenty \$1400-clerks in the New York Custom-house. It is said that these clerks have failed in two separate civil-service examinations for promotion.

WHAT HE DRAGGED?

In the Police Court yesterday afternoon, a man named Roth was charged with having been too drunk at an early hour in the morning to be able to take proper care of himself. When asked if he was guilty or not guilty he pleaded guilty, but in making a statement of how he happened to be in such a condition, he told a queer story. He said he had come into town to attend a meeting of the G.A.R. Post of which he was a member, and after leaving the meeting started off toward his home.

After reviewing at length the condition of his financial and political affairs, the attorney for the Exposition building when the reception was held, left, leaving the meager start off toward his home.

IS AT THE JUNCTION OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC AND SANTA FE RAILROADS.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 15.—The new Los Angeles depot and station, which is to be the terminus of the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe, is to be completed in time for the opening of the Exposition.

THE FISHING.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 15.—[By the Associated Press.] The new Los Angeles station, which is to be the terminus of the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe, is to be completed in time for the opening of the Exposition.

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Real-Estate Card to the Public.

NO. 1.

We desire to call special attention of speculators and investors to the "real" as well as newcomers to Southern California, to our

grand array of elegant bargains in low-prices, choice acreage properties, the safety of all investments to insure quick sales and large profits. Having purchased or secured extensive control of several large ranches, we propose to subdivide them in smaller lots to houses, and inviting a few parties with money to cash to join us in some No. 1 purchases of acre property, as our facilities for handling large tracts will insure speedy sales and fair profits. Full information of our proposed purchase of several large ranches freely given. Please call at our office, 23 WEST FIRST ST.

NO. 2.

If true merit is the trademark of success, then wait to ask the question a hundred times.

"What can we make a fair profit on a medium-sized ranch?" We have not only answered this important question, but have proven to our many customers' satisfaction that McCarthy's California Land Office is alive to the interests of all buyers through it, and guarantee full satisfaction to the purchases every time and good remuneration upon investments placed through or with us. We are offering to "gilt-edge" some big buys with some distinguishing feature that will command ready purchasers at good, big profits. Please call and make yourself at home in our spacious office, No. 23 WEST FIRST ST.

McCarthy's

California :: Land :: Office,

No. 23 W. First St. Office Now Open Evenings.

VINELAND!

Of the Azusa.

The New Town and Tract in the San Gabriel Valley.

The Best Place for a Semi-Tropic Home, Health and Profit.

Now on the Market

The Best in the World for the Money—Our Motto.

The most sensible and just subdivision of choice land ever put on the market in this country. Business lots \$2500, five-acre lots twenty-five acres, residence lots \$2500, 1/4-acre lots \$1000, 1/2-acre lots, 10-acre lots, 40-acre lots, 70 per cent. interest. Printed price-list will be ready MONDAY, the 16th inst. It will pay to investigate this. Water in abundance and railroad at the head of the tract to make it the shortest among the best. Inquiries will be answered. No. 100 Union Street, Los Angeles, will be issued in Los Angeles county, with full information, will be furnished on application.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL ON

L. H. WASHBURN & SON, Managers, No. 9 NORTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. GLASSELL PATTON. H. W. PATTON. W. R. WATERS, Civil Engineer and Surveyor. Notary Public.

PATTON, WATERS & PATTON,

Real Estate and Collection Agents and Conveyancers,

NO. 88 1-2 SOUTH SPRING STREET,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

TEMPLE STREET CABLE CARS

—WILL TAKE YOU TO THE—

REAL-ESTATE OFFICE OF J. J. FRAMPTON.

—HE WILL SELL YOU—

Level Lots in the CABLE ROAD TRACT for \$500 and \$600.

ONE-THIRD CASH ON INSTALLMENT PLAN. WATER PIPED AND STREETS MADE

Bring your own tin horn, lunch baskets and other luxuries. I cannot afford to furnish them at these prices.

J. J. FRAMPTON, Western Terminus Temple Street Cable Road.

Meadow Park!

LOTS ONLY \$60, FOR A FEW DAYS.

\$10 down, \$5 per month, without interest. Situated near the ocean and only one mile from "REDONDO."

A. C. TUBBS & CO., 3 E. FIRST ST.

Washington Villa Tract!

LOOK AT THIS

BARGAIN

IN

LONGSTREET!

Elegant Neighborhood.

Situated between Washington, Adams, Obermann and Hayward streets.

Prices less than auction figures. Softer than a symphony. Having dealt largely in lots in the vicinity of the new Longstreet, Ellis, Severance and Park Villa tract—and having always made money for the dealers, I highly recommend an investment in this tract.

First Come, First Served!

Stones sidewalks now being laid. One-third cash: six, twelve and eighteen months to close trade.

REAL ESTATE IS ALL THE GO NOW: SO IS

GYPSY QUEEN

CIGARETTES

ALBERT MAU & CO., 511 N. Main St., Los Angeles.

C. A. SUMNER & CO.,

MORLAN, NEAL & CO.,

188 S. Spring St.

54 North Main Street.

MANHATTAN AVENUE

\$2500

\$2500

\$2500

MADISON AVENUE

\$2500

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

NEWS CLEARINGS FROM NEIGHBORHOOD PAPERS.

Items from the Coast Counties—Santa Barbara, Ventura, San Diego and Elsewhere—Curious and Interesting.

San Diego.

"I'm a fair myself, and I've traveled with some pretty tough crowds, but this gang following the circus this trip is a little too many for me, and so I quit and came on ahead to see if I couldn't pick up a bear or two before the army got here. I tell you, pardner, they're hard ones, and no mistake. Why, they rob each other when they can't find any one else."

The man was a rough-looking specimen, and rattled off in a slangy style an account of the operations of a band of about 500 thieves, gamblers and confidence men that is following in the wake of Robinson's circus, and will arrive in this city this evening or tomorrow morning. The men have all kinds of swindling games and devices with them, and among the followers are some of the cleverest pickpockets and sneak thieves in the country.

Mr. Ginty stated before the Chamber of Commerce that while in conversation with Commander Emory during his visit here, that the suggestion was made that a health officer be appointed to examine all foreign vessels arriving in the port. Mr. Ginty said that it was approaching the time when San Diego's harbor would be filled with foreign vessels, and that in view of the fact that it had been reported that vessels had already arrived here with sickness on board, it was time that some action be taken.

The office of Tax Collector is a beginning in San Diego. No one can be found to accept the place. The main trouble seems to be the smallness of the salary—\$1000 a year. So far as can be learned there are no perquisites connected with the place, and in addition to lots of hard work the Tax Collector has to content himself with \$100 a month and give bond to the amount of \$40,000.

San Bernardino.

(Courier)

Drunks, frauds, vagrants, bums, deadbeats—there are many of them in town—but what good will accrue to the people at large if the officers arrest them? The present concern to account for has no storage capacity to account for anything, and such little as it affords must be reserved for those perennial visitors, the Salvation Army.

San Bernardino wants a fire department that "will not depend entirely on human main strength and awkwardness."

San Bernardino is to have another bank.

San Bernardino is getting to be a sort of west coast Grecian Grove. That beat us out and two others are the third, but a single pulsation got together in Los Angeles they just quietly board the train, make no particular fuss or bother about what is about to happen, and come to this city to seek the civil and ministerial services which we gladly afford them.

Riverside.

(Press)

Now that we have a fire company of over fifty members organized a move should be made to establish headquarters for them when they can pass their evenings and improve themselves, thus adding to their effectiveness when called on to do duty.

A very severe hailstorm visited Riverside on last week.

(Valley Echo.)

Nearly \$400,000 worth of property has changed hands since October 1st.

Last Monday three overland trains came through the Cajon Pass with clerks, cars, each, and were crowded with tourists. The rush is coming.

A fire company was fully organized Friday evening with the following officers: J. N. Keith, captain; Daniel S. Braut, first assistant; Stephen F. King, second assistant; George F. Ward, clerk; W. A. Hayt, treasurer.

San Bernardino.

(Press)

A shark's egg was found recently on the beach near Ventura, which measured nine inches in length.

The Ventura people are finding fault with their Chinese "washie" man.

(Democrat)

Immense bean fields yet unthreshed are seen on both sides of the railroad between this town and Santa Paula.

The Democrat wants a boom in street cleaning.

Arrivals of vessels at this port are such frequent occurrence of late that there is not what room to accommodate them, and numbers lie and wait for their turn to unload their freight like Western farmers at a grain mill.

Santa Barbara.

(Press)

El Capitan Land Company has filed articles of incorporation, with a capital stock of \$300,000, divided into 3000 shares of \$100 each. The incorporators are Clinton L. White of Sacramento, A. Abbott, the railroad commissioner; W. M. Eddy, E. S. Sheffield, C. A. Edwards and H. A. McPhail.

An additional carload of Mongolians have been added to our Chinese population.

The Press complains of the scarcity of help.

Santa Monica.

(Outlook)

The new bridge spanning the baranca on Ocean avenue, south of the Hotel Arcadia, is completed.

The Los Angeles Thars still holds its grip. It is the only city daily which Santa Monica has every morninging with their soffie.

The management of the Hotel Arcadia has leased the ocean frontage belonging to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, lying between the hotel and the wharf.

Anaheim.

(Democrat)

Work has commenced on the big hotel. The caravansary is to be known as "The Hotel Del Campo."

The Tyroleans, Anaheim's crack military company, will give its first grand annual military ball and entertainment on the evening of November 8th.

OUR LITERARY TENDENCY.

In it Toward the Flesh-Colored Novel?

(San Francisco Call.)

The conclusion of Zola's novel, whose impurities have even shocked American sensibilities, and have led to a rupture between the famous romance writer and his publisher, Charpentier, naturally suggests inquiry into the literary taste of the day. Zola's work will, of course be translated for perusal in this country; several editions are likely to appear; it will be read all the more eagerly as it is declared to contain

nothing worse, in the reporter's eye, as that for publication. In this city librarians and booksellers tell us that 75 per cent. of the books read are novels, and most of the sensational stories are the lively demand for "Le Texas." The question arises whether American taste is drifting into the direction of impropriety.

For over half a century there has been this marked distinction between the English speaking people and the French—that the latter have loved a class of books which escaped condemnation by the police by a mere shave, while in England and this country the most popular writers have been admissible girls' boarding-schools. It was not always so. In the days of Aphra Behn and Wycherley and Smollett were the delight of the English, the French stage was comparatively moral, and among French novels "Télémaque," and "Paul and Virginia" were more read than any other. But with the relaxation of morals and laws preceding and succeeding the French Revolution, the French palate seems to have demanded more piquant viands; Crebillon fils and Voltaire took the place of the classic romances of the ages of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. and were succeeded by Lourenç, Paul de Kock, Thackeray, Gautier, and in our own day, Flaubert and Zola, who achieved a popularity far wider than was ever enjoyed by De Stael, Chateaubriand or Chaberly. Even such writers as Hugo, George Sand and Balzac, who refused to pander to coarse tastes, still felt bound to spice their compositions. Meanwhile the standard novel writers of the English speaking people have been invariably respectful of innocence. Scott and Cooper in their day, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot and Haworth in ours, never wrote a line which could not have been read in a boarding-school. Novels were written, to be sure, by such people as G. P. R. Reynolds, but the limited circle in which they found readers showed that the Anglo-Saxon race was not ripe for diet.

Whether it is drifting in that direction or a matter well worth study. It is to be hoped that the few months handsomely editions of "Madame Bovary" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" have made their appearance in English, and quite recently the work over whose adaptation Mrs. Langtry is fighting in New York, "As in a Looking-Glass," and its companion work, "A Modern Circle," are having a large sale. If to these Zola's "La Terre" succeeds with a widespread popularity, it is odds that our literary taste will undergo a change. These works are unfortunately not permissible by the police. No District Attorney could hope to convict a book-seller for selling them, and the only effect of a criminal trial would be to advertise the objectionable books.

Yet it is probable that if any publications at all are mischievous, the more so by reason of the insidious nature of their poison and of the art with which the poems are composed.

A few years after the Franco-German war Alexander Dumas was asked by a Berlin manager to permit his plays to be produced on the stage at Berlin. He readily agreed, saying that the Germans were too dull a people to appreciate the wit of his comedies. It chanced that the German was himself a man of wit. He replied, regretting Mr. Dumas' decision, and added that he had only professed the request in obedience to the demands of his patrons, whose taste in wishing to see the comedies in question did not share. For his part, he said, he regarded those works as mischievous in tendency and pernicious in tone; it had always been a question in his mind to what degree he might offend his patrons if he did not do his duty, and the other in good condition are tolerable.

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SUNNY FADS OF ACTORS.

QUEER WEAKNESSES AND QUAINTE EMPLOYMENTS.

Now Stage Favorites Employ Their Faculties When Not Amusing the Public—Fanny Davenport Making Butter—Barrymore as a Boxer.

(Philadelphia Press.)
New York, Sept. 17.—You may not know it, but nearly every actor has a quiet "fad" of his own that he doesn't parade.

I can name half a score of popular favorites who appear to live in the sunshines of public applause and round their little lives with a late sled in the morning, and the last thoughts and their steady labor, *con amore*, to reconstruct as far removed from acting as work can ever be from play.

Understand, I do not mean to say that acting may not be and very often is the hardest kind of work to which the slave of existence can be chained. It is because acting at its best and with the most favorable conditions leaves a well-defined void in the heart and mind that so many actors reserve a place in their thoughts and loves for something else.

You have only to think of the unscrupulous, the shifting favoritism of the public, the selfishness I might say of the crowd that never, as elsewhere, honors the laborer for her attainments, her life of endeavor or her honorable achievements on the intellectual or moral or social side, but almost invariably neglects and forgets and omits her the moment she ceases to please it and furnish the charm for the stage that newcomers with less character and less ability will flaunt.

A sense of the hollowness of simulation and of the instability of success, a longing for popularity, a record in standing independent of the number of pictures seekers, sooner or later take possession of the actor, and we find her devoting her spare hours primarily to some endeavor which will in a measure leave a solid memory and instructive memorial.

It was very much amused the other day to hearing a glowing account given by the well-known actress, Fanny Davenport, of her housewifery. She told the world through the always ready chronicles and with something of a child's glee how she had been "running" a home cottage. How she had made two cows with an Alpine stamp on her. How she churned her four pounds of butter a day with perspiration on her brow and prayer and thanksgiving in her heart; how she cooked three meals a day in the spirit of Joan of Arc, and made the beds in the morning with the profound consciousness of a Mother Hubbard.

We say that all this was honest and accurate. But it is notable that the drudgery of millions of rural women who take no heed thereof was Fanny Davenport somehow a solid achievement, and what was that in her proud, trumpeting of it that seemed to say well, anyhow, I can win some of the hearty triumphs that no popular caprice can rob me of.

If you were to catch Joe Jefferson in a mood of candor I dare say he would tell you that Rip Van Winkle never gave him half the satisfaction that his palate did, and one landscape on canvas outdoes in heartfelt satisfaction a hundred storms of ephemeral delight in the theater.

Why did Miss Dauvray give herself to marriage? Mr. Ben Maginley to matrimony? Home?

Why does Harry Edwards devote the best part of his life to entomology, or Maurice Barrymore lend all his better faculties to studying the manly art of self-defense, giving to acting only idle moments and carelessly treated faculties?

Why did Clark Morris spend months in learning to model in clay?

As I hear you say, it was the sympathetic imitation of the actress. She read of Bernhardt's modeling and she wanted to do likewise. If Bernhardt had practiced distillery or mixed drinks as a side art, Morris would have followed her off air.

This is a cheap and ready answer, carrying with it the usual amount of injustice. Clara Morris studied painting and wood carvings before Bernhardt established her dad.

Why did Sara Jewett make acting her occupation and writing poetry the main struggle?

I suppose you know that Lester Wallack's dad for the past thirty years has not been the stage but the army. And you can not have failed to notice that when Stevie Mackay is not fooling on the boards he is in the workshop inventing chains and car contrivances.

The question already amounts to this: Were not Sara Jewett and Lester Wallack and Maurice Barrymore driven by a sense of insecurity and helplessness in one art to resort to the solid achievements of other arts? Just as David Belasco, when wearied with the vanity of writing other men's plays, rises to the true dignity of labor and begins to stage manage.

I think so. I can never quite rid myself of the belief that Miss Dauvray would not have gone with her whole heart into collecting of ancient coins if she had not arrived at a firm conviction of the futility of trying to amass the current coins.

I leave it to others to say if there is not something like a natural revulsion from the humbugs of the theater to the humboogies of science in Harry Edward's dad.

After a vain endeavor for years to focus your soul on what Jo Cook aptly calls a "dervish dance of sand pillars," you can understand that even so strong-minded a woman as Bernhardt will turn aside with longings unutterable to coffins and bathtubs, as the temple of art itself turns from Shakespeare's soul and men like Lawrence Barrett, seeing the vanity of representing the old drama, will try the prestige of buying up the new, and vary the monotony of the artist with the genius stroke of the operator.

Every actor, therefore, has his dad. While Irving is trying secretly to improve the international relations of the English race, he is bound by the hard conditions of theatrical art to imperil them. He works for a broader Saxon brotherhood in his study, but on the stage he raises a general desire for the survival of the Latin race and art. His dad is literary worthless.

He has an instinctive notion that his *Hamlet* is only made worthless by what Bernhardt has said to do, and that even his dad will be forgotten when Ellen Terry dies. So he delivers university addresses. Just as Chauncey Depew, feeling in his soul how perishable are railroad enterprises, delivers enduring after-dinner speeches at the Lotus Club, and Boucicault, dying in the greenroom, embalms himself in the North American Review.

I dare say it will be found, on examination, that Kyrie Bellew, when overcome with remorse at his own acting, embroiders slippers or collects fawn, an ambition, by the way, that seized upon Joaquin Miller as soon as he sank from epic to drama. I believe Agnes Booth is a collector of moccasins, and Nat Goodwin, when not

studying his part, studies Mohammedianism.

Buffalo Bill never cared to amuse himself with the crowned heads of Europe until driven by the feelings of discouragement of his own to seek some incidental relief in the solid things of life. Mrs. Louis Eldridge, an eminent mother of the American stage, once told me that she would have been driven to suicide long ago by the hopeless wear and tear of stage life had it not been for the steady enlivement of the funerals at the Little Church Round the Corner. Joe Haworth collects old manuscripts. Men like Cazauren, on the other hand, do nothing but distribute them. Joe Wheeler studies architecture when not studying Shakespeare, and Cotterell studies the English language. Bernhardt's dad for put alligators is quite matched by Fanny Davenport's dad for puppets. Randolph Atkinson, when not composing music, bends all his faculties to composing himself.

Janauschek for thirty years collected gems, and Maggie Mitchell is the best posted woman on the stage in ancient history. She talks about the early rise of the drama and the Peloponnesian war like a woman who had been there. McKee Rankin is an authority on international law and music. When not acting he is encouraging young and unknown composers. J. M. Hill writes sonnets on blank checks. Charley Stevenson, the moment his grease paint is off, puts on his tarpaulin and goes to sea. He was at roulette and backgammon in his dressing room. Mansfield who try to engage him generally get such an answer as, "My boy, if the wind should shift, and I should get my top-sails clewed up, I'll try and run in and play the part for you." Very few people who have not lived in the same house know that Clara Louise Kellogg is an expert performer on the accordion, or that Mrs. Bowers has given years of thought to the cornet. We only see the dignified and conservative John Gilbert, punctilious and guardedly never seen the rash and over-generous profusion of private life known to the known. He is the embodiment of headlong and frisky youthfulness in which he showers his bounty upon his acquaintances with the loose lavishness of a spendthrift. Nothing, nothing, whatever!

It would surprise the world to learn that Edwin Booth acts only to relieve his mind from the responsibility and cares of coloring his meerschaum: Or to be told that Richard Mansfield has a quiet dad for laundry work, or that Mrs. Langtry acts only to fill in the idle moments when she is not buying real estate.

Rose Coghlan is an amateur astronomer. Proctor says there is one visible star that she can always see with the naked eye, no matter how stormy the weather.

Kate Forsythe's weakness is old china. Her collection of tea pots has long been celebrated, and her knowledge of plates has often made Delmonico tremble.

Christine Nilsson used to work at a carpenter's bench before she lost her voice, and the late Charles Thorne studied engineering for the violin.

It would take a volume to celebrate all the fads. But it is evident from the examples given that all actors feel the necessity of employing their faculties in some satisfactory way and not depending for intellectual pabulum upon the evanescent and hollow triumphs of the stage.

Errors to Be Avoided.

(From the Press.)

The New York Herald calls attention to the recommendation of Gov. Hill of New York that experts be appointed to scrutinize every bill debated by the Legislature, that they may weed out those errors which usually give the courts so much avoidable trouble and expense. The legislators are told that the mistakes arise from pure carelessness. So it may be termed loosely, but it remains a loose term.

Any writer who has ever studied the phenomena of amended manuscripts may easily admit that a legislative enactment, subject to many amendments, is a mine mind, just as it is in the English language. And then again, an amendment by a man who has an idea without words, must be engrossed by a clerk who has words without ideas. A practical move would be in the direction of simplifying the original drafts of bills to a given maximum number of words, and of restricting amendments to a still smaller number of words.

No Escape for a Poor Man.

(From the Press.)

Disconsolate Tailor—There is no escape for the poor man—always pay, pay, pay.

American Philanthropist—What's the matter now?

T. Well, it's this way: The trade-unionists of the Journeyman Tailors, Union have passed a resolution to carry a blue flag in their procession, and fine any member who walks behind a red banner. The Socialists in the organization passed a resolution to carry a red flag, and to fine those who march behind a blue flag. Now, what can a poor man do? I've no \$5 to spare, and it's a fine either way.

T. Noble benefactor! How? A. P.—March behind the American flag.

From New Orleans (Cabled).

Mrs. Gatreux (languidly and scanning her jeweled calling-list)—We'll drive down to Poinciana's keno-rooms, Prince; from there take a drive around Carondelet street; then run over to hit the race-ticker a moment; look in at the lottery office to see what Gen. Beauregard has done for the family, and call at Mr. Gatreux's office for a check to place on Southron for the "Crescent." What a dull, stupid old hamlet this is!

Prince—Kernel Ponch's train's gwine to match, and huckle g'lin' Jedge Chat'lauz's ole g'lden down to Bigot's pl'nt at free 'clock. Missy Gen'vieve.

Mrs. Gatreux—Is he? We'll come back and get the children and drive down there.

Sam Houston.

(American Flag.)

The venerable Governor of Texas spent a good deal of time and trouble in getting his State into the Union. He had hardly seen her take her place in the circle before the disunion movement of 1861 came on, and her citizens began to leave her out. However, he opposed secession bitterly, but even his great influence was not sufficient to stem the rebellious tide of the time. His State seceded, but the old Governor would have nothing to do with the secession. He continued a Union man, but died during the war.

Honor Meas'nes.

(Puck.)

Husband (rushing in from the dining-room)—You're making a terrific noise here, Ethel; what on earth are you doing?

Wife—I'm trying to see if this angel cake is done. I can't seem to get the fork to it. I got the recipe out of the "Housewife's Guide to Perfect Cookery."

Husband—O, if that's the case, just wait a minute and I'll bring you a cold chisel and a hammer.

The Prop of the State.

(Gov. Forces.)

The family established in its own homestead is one of the best supports of the State.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A BIT OF HOUSEKEEPING DONE BY TWO RAILROAD MEN.

Decorative Hints Worth Heeding—Helping Baby to Walk—Croole's Old-Fashioned Ideas—Lack of Cleanliness—Secret of Economy.

(H. Annette Poole in Good Housekeeping.) Let me tell you of a bit of housekeeping done one winter by two men; and because it helped them to be better when they might have easily grown worse, and because by means of it they were enabled to make cheerful a winter which had hidden fair to be dreary. I think we must call it good housekeeping. The last trip of the train on which they were employed took them away from home late in the evening, and left them for the night, and Sunday days at the terminus of a short branch line.

The elder was an engineer, who by reason of his recent promotion to that position had not yet obtained full pay, and had just gone to housekeeping in a plain, every day fashion, which he hoped better by and by. I dare say he had married far too young, and his wife was quite inexperienced, and learned how to keep house by dint of doing. But because of the wife's bad, and hard to please, he did not feel able to pay for lodgings and Sunday meals away from home.

So he decided to carry his food from home, and sleep in the roundhouse (the building where the locomotive was stored), and he was very glad to get a companion in the person of the new brakeman, just commencing railroad life. He was a lad of 18, fresh from an up-country home, fairly pushed out of the home nest, a loving shelter though it had been to him, by the pressure of numerous younger brothers and sisters, and he had not only to shift for himself, but to help them do so if he found that he could. He was a good lad, full of right intentions, but of course ready to be influenced by his companions and surroundings.

They asked for and obtained some bunks and some car cushions in lieu of mattresses, and with thick, dark quilts from home and the glowing fire in the huge stove they were very comfortable as far as lodging was concerned. But the Sundays were not so pleasant. A locomotive roundhouse has few charms in a dwelling. This particular one had in its favor that, not being the main line, it could be the one locomotive, and the fire being dumped on Saturday night there was neither smoke nor steam; but such places are never over clean.

Then they were obliged to wear working clothes for the trip up on Saturday night, and they did not feel neat nor well dressed, nor could they afford to attend church. The engineer pondered the matter much. These were not the Sundays for which he had planned. My knights of the dinner pal resolved, first of all, that they would dress as well on Sundays as they would have done if at home. They had been packed with clean linen and their Sunday suits were carried up on Saturday night. It was an easy matter to drive up to the station to hang up the working suits.

They spread down clean sacking where were no boards; it was easily taken up, shaken and folded away during the week. A piece of iron bar heated in the glowing coals of the stove and dropped into a pail of water warmed it sufficiently for a sponge bath, and that and clean clothes restored the feeling of tidiness they had so missed.

These glowing coals suggested the possibility of giving them a little more of a home-like aspect. The thing grew, plates, cups and saucers and the like were carried from home and kept in a locked cupboard. They gathered together vinegar, pepper, salt, mustard, pepper, caraway, horseradish, a bottle of pickles, carried crackers, butter, and such things in small quantities, and a tin dish or two. There are a great many cooking possibilities in a quart tin dipper and a good fire.

The bread was carried in the loaf that it might not dry as soon as it sliced. A little tin pail of baked beans was carried every Saturday by the engineer, the brakeman brought another of oysters, and these last were stewed in a little saucepan that easily went in at the stove door. A piece of sheet iron just large enough to slide in at the same aperture, had its edges turned up on three sides, and served excellently to roast oysters or clams in the shell. A wire bread toaster answered admirably for a meat broiler if they preferred beefsteak to oysters. A firmly propped-up board served for a table, and round, solid sticks of wood, with the boards nailed on them, made seats.

The meal over and the dishes tidily washed up, they were fit for church, and often went. They carried books and papers from home and read them aloud. Of course, there were innumerable jokes at their expense, but out of their comfort and tidiness they could afford to laugh with the jokers. And the laughters were glad to come in of an afternoon and enjoy the fire and the last illustrated paper.

After that winter the two never again had such close companionship. The lad became first a brakeman, and then a foreman on another road, and ripened into a steady, reliable man, a stay and comfort to those dependent upon him. He sometimes met his old mentor, and alluded to the winter when they had passed their Sundays together in the roundhouse as a time of profit, and gave evidence that the good home habits with which he had gone out into the world were then confirmed and strengthened to last him through his brief life.

For while yet young in manhood, one night in early spring, the track slid away under his engine, carrying the train down a steep embankment to the rocky bed of a river. Though fatally burned by escaping steam, he struggled out of the heavy impeding coat, climbed the height, heaven knows how, and staggered in the early dusk, blinded by falling snow, half a mile down the track to appear before a standing train a reeling, swaying figure, half-asleep, costless and with visage so blackened and distorted as to be unrecognizable, shouting incoherent words of warning. And yet no one who knew him evinced any surprise when the story was told in public print. "It was like him," they said.

Transact a General Real Estate Business.

(Puck.)

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Wife—I'm trying to see if this angel cake is done. I can't seem to get the fork to it. I got the recipe out of the "Housewife's Guide to Perfect Cookery."

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Real Estate.

W. B. ABBY.

F. O. CARR.

W. H. HAMPTON.

VERNON LAND CO.,

No. 16. South Main.

Ties Now Being Laid!

ON CENTRAL AVENUE FOR

THE CAR LINE.

COME BEFORE TOO LATE AND GET A LOT IN THE

THE CENTRAL PARK FRONT

OR OLD CLAPP ORCHARD TRACT.

FINEST OF CENTRAL AVENUE ACREAGE, HIGHLY IMPROVED, CLOSE TO CITY LIMITS, ON CAR LINE, TIES FOR WHICH ARE NOW BEING LAID.

Gilt-Edge Subdivision Properties.

10 acres at \$1000 per acre.

20 acres at \$1000 per acre.

SCHOOL RIGHTS AT CAPE TOWN
AND IN MADAGASCAR.

Having Outrages On an Eight-Mile
Dash-A Polyglot Parliament-A
Noble and Greasy King-The
Market Price of a Wife.

(Albert Leder in Philadelphia Press.)
The first view of Cape Town, as seen by a tourist when over twenty miles distant, is an enormous pile of mountain rearing its table-shaped head above its compeers, surrounded by twelve immense buttresses called "The Twelve Apostles," guarded, as it were, by another massive peak, appropriately named "The Lion's Head." It did not appear to me to require excessive imagination to set in the profile cut against the blue firmament beyond the commemorative deliverance supper held in Jerusalem 1800 years ago by the Savior and His selected. The view of this picturesque table gives the visitor a good opinion of the hospitality of Cape Town's inhabitants-more, as the clouds that hover around and the puffs of smoke that break like the appearance of a cloth, and are fittingly called "the Table-cloth." The good men fancifully suggested was rendered true when, after dropping our anchor off the bay, a prominent inhabitant in Holland pedigree invited us to spend the days of our stay in his family. In Cape Town, as in all other dependencies of England, secured by surpassing craftiness or superior strength from the hands of a weaker possessor, the old families despise and abhor the conqueror, while the seed of mistrust and fear sown by the usurper is bearing its fruit, the children that exist being the families of the governing officials and the old adherents to the former regime. Since 1806, when the English took possession of the cape, till today, the best Dutch families have ignored the intruders, and it is as impossible for a Britisher to gain an entree into first-class Dutch society as for Table Mountain to lose its cloth.

The following day being Sunday, the family carriage conveyed a quartette of pleasure-seekers to Constantia to view the vineyards of Africa. They surpass anything seen on the Rhine, so far as extent of land and abundance of growth are concerned, yet since the families of the governing officials and the old adherents to the former regime. Since 1806, when the English took possession of the cape, till today, the best Dutch families have ignored the intruders, and it is as impossible for a Britisher to gain an entree into first-class Dutch society as for Table Mountain to lose its cloth.

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A WIFE WHO WOULDN'T BE SOLD.

In our stroll through the village we met a native accompanied by two of his wives, one of which by her teeth ornaments showed her superiority. The husband seemed to be anxious to possess a large piece of may plug tobacco which one of us carried in the pocket of his blouse. Being presented with a small piece he tried to barter for the remainder, and in his innocent way proved that woman's rights had not as yet been introduced in that community. He offered it to elderly tosseth-it to the owner of the coveted tobacco in exchange for his may plug, and it looked as if the female did not object to the bargain being made; but deeply as the naval officer regretted hurting the feelings of any woman where her intrinsic worth was concerned, the offer was refused. For the sole reason to report intelligently the market value of a brain-spangling new wife on the Western coast of Madagascar, the Krooman was instructed to offer in the few words of the language he understood to exchange the tobacco for the wife so prolific in teeth, and it was worth while to see the effect of matronly indignation flushed from the eyes of the dark beauty when she comprehended the wish of the impudent foreigner. She grabbed her train—I mean her string of teeth—in her ebony fist, and majestically sailed past us with a haughtiness that could not have been surpassed by an English duchess. The jolly tar caught the rebound of the joke by being for months afterward kindly informed, at all times and on all occasions, that his white skin and manly shape with a plug of tobacco was the wife in failure to mate with a wretched wench. Whenever this individual proudly recounts his conquests in the arena of love some evil-disposed listener audibly whispers "Madagascar," and the eloquent tongue withers like lilles of the valley being a sirocco.

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A LOOK AT MADAGASCAR.

Slowly sailing through the Mozambique Channel, with nothing to enliven existence but the daily routine of eating, drinking, drill and sleep, some blessed ignoramus in the engineer's department turned the right screw in our distilling machinery at the wrong time, and the process of changing old Neptune's territory into fresh water was temporarily suspended. The supply taken in at the Cape of Good Hope was sufficient to carry us through for some days, but the captain (yesterday the old) was anxious to investigate the near-by shores of the island of Madagascar, so the bow of our gallant ship was pointed toward one of the numerous sun hays which entice the bold navigator to investigate and survey.

RATHER TOO SOCIALE.

We remained at anchor for a few days, enabling our navigators to thoroughly survey and sound the bay, whose position was not indicated on any of the charts in the ship's possession. The natives became very sociable and friendly, in fact too much so, as they brought with them their peculiar belief that everything they saw ought to be moved on shore. They tried, and sometimes successfully, to steal every thing movable. They were shy, however, in their attacks, and it was a beautiful sight to see a nude giant innocently moving toward a ringbolt fastened into the deck, sit upon his haunches in front of it, slowly move his hands around, grasp the ring and by a short, strong jerk try to pull it out of the deck. The look of distressed helplessness and rural innocence that would come to the face of the would-be thief was glorious to behold. When the anchor was lifted our departure failed to induce them to leave the vessel, and as a last resort the chief engineer couched the fire hose on to the steamer's boiler. The water was just nice with a little more of the latter than the former, and the rapidity with which those uncivilized natives chose the cold water in preference to the hot was rather entertaining. As they all swim like fishes, and as scores of canoes surrounded the ship, there was no danger of drowning any of them.

Our course was for the Comoro Islands, a group seldom visited by vessels bearing an American flag. It being a beautiful day and hotter than—well, very hot on board, it was concluded to man and arm the launch and interview the natives, who were observed crowding the shores of the bay, in the vicinity of a little cluster of sun hays, no doubt a village. An intelligent native had been shipped at Cape Town, and as he professed to be acquainted with the languages spoken in and around the east coast of Africa, his capacity was put to the test here. The launch, manned by eighteen sailors and four officers, anxious for peace and fresh water, and yet not disdaining war and a little blood, if essential, pulled slowly toward the mouth of a little river discovered when close in shore. Hundreds of ebony-skinned individuals of both sexes flocked to the object point—a landing—and when coming within hail-

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS AS AT PRESENT OPERATED.

Lines of the Central and Union, the southern, the Northern, the Canadian and Other Lines of Rail Connecting the Two Oceans.

(Ohio State Journal.)

Twenty-seven years ago, Richard F. Burton, the noted British traveler, crossed the North American Continent and did up in the usual style of the Englishman before the war. While he found fault with all our institutions (except Brigham Young—with him he formed a strange friendship), his choicest sarcasm was poured upon our politics. The natives seemed peaceable and unacquainted, so far as the female portion was concerned, with the existence of anything like Harper's Bazaar, as they violated totally and unblushingly all the instructions of that periodical as to dress.

INTERVIEWING THE KING.

In triumph, as it were, they conducted us to the large hut in the village, the residence of a stalwart native whose deportment and mien the absence of apparel did not prevent designating as the ruling power. He bore himself as a King and failed to show by any outward demonstration that our visit was anything out of the common. His residence was a hut, circular in form, about thirty feet in diameter, made of clay to about nine feet of the ground, then tapering to the center, covered with long grass and supported by a pole over twenty feet high placed in the middle of the hut, which was bare of interior except a few buffalo robes. The surrounding plain was of smaller dimensions, but all made after the same style of architecture and of similar material. The British have had their laugh on us, too; for we as confidently predicted that the Canadian Pacific could never be successfully operated, yet our northern neighbors have complete connection from Nova Scotia to Puget Sound—3800 miles—and water travel on that line is scarcely more obstructed than on our Central Pacific. It has been found that the lower altitude of mountain passes fully offsets the great cold of the far north. As one leaves central Colorado the country slopes gently toward the north, and the mountains sink much more rapidly than the plains. Thus the Marshall pass on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is 1200 feet above the sea, and the highest pass on the South Park branch of the Union Pacific is 11,250 feet. Thence the mountains fall off so rapidly toward the north that Sherman, the highest depot on the Union Central Pacific, is but 8235 feet high; Bozeman pass, the highest on the Northern Pacific 5570, and Kickapoo Pass, highest on the Canadian Pacific, 5596 feet. But the last has a still greater advantage—it is near the Pacific Ocean, while Sherman or Bozeman, and the so-called "Chinook winds" melt the snow in the pass while the fields of middle Dakota are still in winter white. The Rocky Mountains continue to decrease in elevation until one nears Alaska, then they rise rapidly, in awful grandeur, Mt. St. Elias bears its summit 20,000 feet—1000 feet higher than Popocatepetl—so the highest point of the longest mountain chain in the world is now in United States territory, and the old geographers which credited it to Mexico are obsolete.

The Union Central Pacific was the first of these great lines completed. The compound name arises from the fact that Congress authorized the Central Pacific of California to build eastward and the Union Pacific of Nebraska to build westward till they met, each road to have mileage subsidy and land grant for the distance it constructed the road. They met at Promontory Point, a spur of the Idaho Mountains which runs down into the Great Salt Lake of Utah; and there, on the 10th of May, 1869, the celebrated "last spike" was driven with a silver hammer, with inspiring ceremonies, including prayer, some fair-weather oratory and a deal of very bad poetry. As the country has happily forgotten all that was said and read there, let us not revive the agony. The two roads soon after agreed to put their junction at the old Mormon town of Ogden, east of the lake, and in time they passed under one management. Both corporations began their great work in the darkest period of the civil war, and completed it during the era of highest prices and the flood tide of greenbacks and specie. The cost, therefore was enormous, and the total capital of all the railroads—about \$100,000,000—was being 20 per cent. of the latter.

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have the world's best system of navigation. Such are the main lines only. The connections include many thousand miles of rail, and are stimulating trade and development.

AN OPPORTUNITY SECURED.

The Santa Fe Railroad Company are largely interested in the new town of San Joaquin, at Fulton Wells, California, and all projected improvements will be rapidly pushed until completed. This is the only resort with seventy miles of Los Angeles where first-class medicinal springs are found. It will, therefore, always be filled with health-seekers. The enterprise firm of Byram & Poindexter, the best side of this town of San Joaquin, are the best in the city. Water pipes all laid and water now running. The water is of the best quality, and is to be had at low acre prices, on easy terms. This gives buyers an opportunity to make handsome villa homes or small farms, just beside a railroad and close to hand some hotel and other valuable improvements. Any purchaser of its property can divide his land into lots, and will be given a map and further information.

INTERVIEWING THE KING.

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INTERVIEWING THE KING.

In triumph, as it were, they conducted us to the large hut in the village, the residence of a stalwart native whose deportment and mien the absence of apparel did not prevent designating as the ruling power. He bore

RISE OF THE THEATER.

THE FIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA FOR AND AGAINST THE STAGE.

No Theater in Philadelphia in 1787—The Playhouse Called "The Devil's Drawing-Room"—With the Republic Theaters Came.

[Philadelphia Press.] One hundred years ago there was not a single theater open in Philadelphia. For several years the battle for and against the theater had stirred the Quaker City and divided it into two camps. The one was for the theater, the other against it. The old Quaker element, which once had ruled the whole colony, had lost nearly all of its influence, so far as the Government was concerned, and other seats disputed its social pre-eminence. But on this question of allowing playhouses in this city the Quaker element, reinforced by the stricter members of other churches, made its last stand. The opposition to the theater had varied in success. Three had already been established in the city before 1787, but in that year its opponents had the upper hand, and no performances were given.

That, however, was to be the end of successful opposition. The establishment of the new national government and the passage of a new charter for the city, which went into effect in 1789, gave a stimulus to all branches of action, to social life, as well as to commerce, trade, manufacture, and agriculture. The coin that, under the last years of the confederation, had flowed out of the country began to flow in again, and the spirit of the largest city in the continent became buoyant. Moreover, the personal influence of the first administration, for Washington frequently attended the theater, was thrown in favor of the stage.

The first play ever performed in America was *The Merchant of Venice*, on September 5, 1752, at Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, by an English company. Thence the company went to Annapolis, and thence to New York, where Hallam opened the Nassau Street Theater, on September 17, 1752.

Just at this time Philadelphia was torn into two factions over the question of allowing a playhouse to be set up. The Quaker dress was no longer the only one, but still it was the most frequent, and the Quakers carried a petition to Gov. Hamilton, urging the prohibition of profane stage plays. Counter petitions were also presented. Finally the Governor granted Hallam permission to open a theater and present two or three plays with afterpieces, on condition that they should "offer nothing indecent and immoral," and performed one night for the benefit of the poor.

THE FIRST PHILADELPHIA PERFORMANCE.

It is recorded that as early as 1749 the city authorities had been troubled by young men who were trying to present plays as amateurs in the outskirts of the town. They, however, had been suppressed. In accordance with the Governor's permission, Hallam's company opened their theater in William Penn's storehouse, on the corner of the first alley above Pine street, and began playing in April, 1754, presenting the tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*, with Miss A. H. T. Tamm as an afterpiece. What a "tremendous night" that must have been! The fight for and against the theater had waged so long and so bitterly that the house was filled to overflowing, and the "standing room only" sign would certainly have been up if they had any. The prices of admittance were: Box, 6s; pit, 4s; gallery, 2s, 6d. All during the discussion previous to opening the theater pamphlets were printed and distributed, calling attention to the evils of the stage, denouncing the theater as the Devil's "Drawing-room," and warning the young to go to the only result, apparently, was to give this first performance a rousing audience. In the course of the first evening one of the signers of the petition against the theater was discovered in the pit. Instantly there was a great uproar. "Put him out, he's a spy!" yelled the gallery. The play could not go on until the luckless enemy of the stage was hustled into the street.

The company remained in town until July, giving three performances a week for ten weeks.

THE FIRST THEATRICAL BUILDING.

The second theater in Philadelphia was opened in 1759, at the southwest corner of South and Vernon streets, at a place formerly called "Socorro." This was the first building erected especially for a theater. It was, it will be seen, just without the limits of the city in Southwark. But the manager, David Douglass, did not escape opposition by this rule. The Quakers promptly applied to Judge Allen for an injunction against the theater. The judge denied it, telling the petitioners that "he had learned more moral virtue from plays than from sermons." Soon after the judge's wife fell sick and died, and the opponents to the theater solemnly averred that this was a judgment upon the wicked judge. Douglass' theater was open on December 25, 1759, and December 28th. The first evening's performance consisted of the tragedy *Timon of Athens* and the farce *The Virgin Unmasked*. The theater cost \$200, and the scenes \$100. In 1760 Douglass built a larger theater at the corner of Cedar and Crab streets. This was a wooden building painted red, and is said to have been "no ornament to the city." Long afterward it became a distillery, but it was the only theater in Philadelphia until 1791.

Hallam reopened the theater in Southwark in 1785. The Pennsylvania Assembly was in session at the time, and after a long debate rejected a motion to prohibit the theater. This debate showed that it was no longer considered by leading men a sin to attend the theater. Such members as Robert Morris and George Clymer of Philadelphia defended the stage warmly. Nevertheless, the prevailing spirit was still against the theater, and Hallam's company avoided the city for several years. They came back to the Southwark Theater in 1786, and on June 23d opened it as an "opera-house," since the law did not forbid concerts. Here is the bill for the opening night:

SPECTACLES VITAE.
At the Southwark Theater, Southwark.
For the Relief of our Poor—Citizens
Enslaved at Algiers.

On Sunday Next
Will be performed
A CONCERT.

Vocal and Instrumental.
In the first Part of the Concert will be introduced
THE GRATEFUL WARD,
Or, the Pupil in Love.

And in the second Part will be presented the
Musical Entertainment of the
POOR SOLDIERS.

The next year, just a century ago, no theater was open in Philadelphia, but in 1790 Hallam's company reopened the Southwark Theater. The new government was now established, and President Washington frequently attended the theater. His favorite plays were *School for Scandal* and the *Poor Soldier*. When he went to the play, his

suits filled nearly the whole of the first tier of boxes. The audience were brilliant, but they often had a sorry time getting to and from the theater. Some stages were unpaved, and those who had no carriage had often to wade through pools of mud. The President always sat in the east stage box. Over the front was the United States coat of arms, red drapery was festooned about the interior and the seats were cushioned. A soldier was posted at each stage door, and four more were posted in the gallery to help the constables keep order. And a hard task they had of it, because the gallery gods, as soon as the curtain fell, would throw apples, nuts, bolts, and glasses down upon the stage and into the boxes. Then there would sing "Cherry Charlotte's Jig," or "Mother Brown's Retreat," street ballads of the day, named after notorious persons.

The third theater in Philadelphia was opened in the Northern Liberties in 1791, and closed in May, 1792. In 1791 the Chestnut-street Theater, near Sixth street, was begun, and its opening in 1793 marks the beginning of the more modern theatrical history of Philadelphia.

THE OLD WILD REN.

The Eccentric Career of the Pet of a Michigan Farmyard.
[New York Evening Sun.]

"I have just received a letter from my folks at the old homestead. It contains some bad news," said a commercial traveler at breakfast this morning, as he showed the reporter a letter which opened as follows:

RANSON (Mich.), Aug. 8, 1887.
Dear Boy: The old will be dead.

Yours, etc.

"You needn't laugh," said the commercial traveler, reproachfully. "The death of that old hen was a great event in our family. She was a petite blonde, sly, selfish and self-possessed. She was the only surviving one of eleven ducklings of ten years ago. She never looked a day older than when, a blithe and trustful pullet, she assumed the active duties of life by adopting an orphan door-knob. I never shall forget the spirit of self-denial and persistent determination with which, for six weeks, she foisted the unresponsive door-knob to her bosom.

"Then she assumed her place in the world with an evident determination to drown her disappointment in the fierce activities of a cynic. She became grasping and conscienceless. She drove an inoffensive duck from its nest, hatched out the eggs herself and then murdered her stepchildren. Finally she developed a habit of hiding her nest in unheard of places far from the haunts of men. She didn't announce her eggs with the usual manifestation of the peculiar to her kind. She would sneak up to the house from her nest, and in about four hours she would suddenly seem to remember that she had laid the superstructure of an omelette and burst into a wild pean of rejoicing. The egg was probably secreted about a mile from the spot where she seemed first to remember its occurrence. One day I had a brief but busy engagement with a nest of hornets in a clump of bushes about a mile south by southeast from the house, then I covered over the old hen had then covered with a cloth to witness the hornets under the villa she had secreted her eggs. I was so surprised and pained at discovering this alliance that I never went back after the eggs.

"She got the hens' rights crabs, and was seized with an abnormal desire to crow. During this period of her life she licked a dude peacock and led an otherwise riotous career. She saw generation after generation of fowls rise, flourish a year or two, and go down to death and the market under the nose of plumes of spring chickens but she also evidently lived on until she became a relic of the farm, and we learned to love her as well as one can love such a cold nature. It must have galled her to die a natural death. She would have preferred being killed and sold as a spring chicken, and she would have cackled with glee at the prospect of the pained surprise at the man who works for the Press beat them there the other morning by half an hour.

WAIVING FOR THE DEAD.
[Atlantic Constitution.]

Ex-Gov. Catlin of Connecticut has been considering the cost of smoking. Having smoked sixty-seven years and attained the ripe age of 83, the old gentleman naturally jumped to the conclusion that he had smoked up quite a snug sum of money. Going over his old account books he footed up his tobacco expenditures at 6 per cent. compound interest. To his surprise he found that his habit had cost him \$200,000. These figures horrified the Governor, but in his great age and the employment he derives from a good cigar, he could not make up his mind to swear off. He offers his case, however, as a terrible example to the rising generation.

Catching the Wizard's Tricks.
[Chicago Journal.]

It is a long time since London has been visited by a really first-class conjurer, for the simple reason that he generally finds it too hot to hold him. For the last two years he has been here, and the opponents to the theater solemnly averred that this was a judgment upon the wicked judge. Douglass' theater was open on December 25, 1759, and December 28th. The first evening's performance consisted of the tragedy *Timon of Athens* and the farce *The Virgin Unmasked*. The theater cost \$200, and the scenes \$100. In 1760 Douglass built a larger theater at the corner of Cedar and Crab streets. This was a wooden building painted red, and is said to have been "no ornament to the city." Long afterward it became a distillery, but it was the only theater in Philadelphia until 1791.

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A Malignant City.
[New York Sun.]

Young Mr. Waldo (visiting in Chicago): I am very agreeably disappointed in Chicago. Miss Broezy, I have always understood that your city was somewhat backward in the refining influences which tend to exalt and embellish civilized life.

Miss Broezy (with gentle indignation): Chicago is very much maligned, Mr. Waldo. The stories told that we possess but little culture and refinement are simply guff.

Until the Storm Blows Over.
[Puck.]

"Is your mistress in, Mary?" inquired the head of the house as he came home.

"No, sir. The dressmaker spoiled her new silk, an' she's gone there to see about it."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled the old man uneasily, "just say to her that I am called down town on important business, and won't be home until late."

DEAD-CRAB TRAFFIC.

CRY OF THE NIGHT WHICH MEANS FRAUD AND DISEASE.

FRESH BALTIMORE CRABS, Peddled After Dark Translated from the Rotten House of Honest Dealers Into the Semblance of a Dainty.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Heal yo' are, fresh Baltimore crabs."

"Twas as false a cry in the night as ever rang through dark streets. There hangs the tale which the Press is going to tell not only for the sake of people who love to rend asunder every joint, sinew and muscle of the narrow-minded, vicious, double-headed, hard-shell crab, but for the sake of righteous venders as well.

Truth of the matter is, there are sold in this city too many crabs from Baltimore and other places which preferred the "rotten house" to being boiled alive. While they may be payable in the crab, there is no reasonable desire on the part of venders to get hold of these crabs for nothing and sell them for the price of crabs which are alive and working at both ends, met death in an instant like the cook of the Nancy Brig.

The author of the cry quoted above was one of these. He was a man past the meridian of life, and considerably past Filbert street going toward Race, on the west side of Tenth, when overtaken by a man who was making a study of his mode of living off of crabs that were dead before their coming began. He was told this in another place and seemed surprised, but reiterated his former assertion in a loud and tremulous voice that found a living echo from a second story window in Cherry street half a square away. A voice there said "crabs," and the old man, excusing himself, followed the sound through the night while his companion waited. In a few minutes there was a sound like running water, highly flavored with angry, bitter expressions. Was it about the price of crabs? No, for they had been bought.

AN IRATE CUSTOMER.

"You nigger, give my back those foive cents and take this bill karspe inter de nek blok," said the unknown voice.

"Excuse me, lady," said the reply, "excuse me, but yo ain't talkin' white woman when yo calls me a nigger."

Then all was still.

The woman explained to a Press reporter that she purchased one large heavy crab, and when she pulled one of its legs off it turned into a fountain with a perfume like a bone mill.

"And do yo know what makes it?" she asked. "The dirty nigger cooked it after it died."

This little night drama on Cherry street is one of many occurring daily throughout the city from this widespread, bad-crab vending. Often the "cussin'" does not come off until after the rogue of a crabbman has pocketed his money and gone. It has, too, caused considerable sickness among the poorer classes.

The method of the trade is simple. One walking through the fish market unconsciously becomes aware that there are crabs and crabs. Some it won't do to handle, others you can make arrangements to get a small gold. Then catch-as-catch-can match between an amateur crab catcher and a crab has never yet resulted in the man throwing the crab. These crabs are eaten by the best families after being boiled alive. Then there are crabs that die on their way here. These are the prey of the fishmonger. All of this breed of fish come to this city by rail. They used to come by boat, but that mode of transportation is too slow in these days. They arrive at Broad and Prime before daylight every morning in huge量的，and are immediately sent to dealers in the fish market at Dock and Spring street wharves and are given the ride through the city in open wagons, reaching the scene of their separation at 6 a.m. A young man who works for the Press beat them there the other morning by half an hour.

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RATES OF FARE FOR ROUND TRIP:

From San Francisco and return.....\$25.00

Los Angeles, San Gabriel, El Monte and Pomona and return.....\$15.00

Cotton and Cucamonga and return.....\$10.00

Take train leaving 8 A.M. at Los Angeles at 8 A.M. Monday, October 31, reaching Seven Palms at 12:30 P.M. Leave Cotton at 10:30 A.M.

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SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

PRACTICAL POINTS ABOUT HOME LIFE AND LIVING.

Life in Hotels and Boarding Houses—Hints to Housewives—The Dearth of Domestic Help—John Chinaman.

[Contributed.]

At this time, when the cities and towns of Southern California are filled to overflowing with strangers, there are many who are throwing open their doors to these strangers, and at the same time adding to the general household fund by taking a few boarders. There are many who would really like to do so, perhaps to whom this method of earning a little ready money would be a real blessing, who would not dare to make the attempt because, perhaps, their house is not handsomely or richly furnished, or the trouble and expense of keeping three elaborate meals per day make it seem to them like a rather doubtful enterprise. And so it can be made if one has not sufficient know of making a very little seem like a great deal. And yet in this country of high rates for board and the comparative low price of provisions, boarders can be made to pay, and at the same time one can have the pleasant consciousness that the boarders are satisfied with their surroundings and the table, and with the boarding mistress herself. People going into a private house to board do not expect all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. Neither do they expect to pay the same price for board that they would at a first-class hotel. Rooms may be ever so simply furnished, but if they are kept spotlessly clean and pure they are certain to make a good and lasting impression on the mind of the new boarder. The bedroom may not be large enough to take in a full chamber set, but after all they are not real necessities. A pretty French bed, a washstand, bureau and easy chair or rocker will furnish a room very nicely. The bedlinen, however, comes, should be spotlessly clean and will give infinitely more satisfaction than will "doubtful" fine linen. The washstand may be simply a packing box covered with cretonne; but if the washbowl and pitcher are always kept clean and the pitcher constantly filled with water, if there is a cake of good toilet soap in the soap dish, and plenty of fresh, clean towels, convenient, that packing case, i. e., washstand, can be made to prove a veritable blessing. I should not advise any to purchase curtains to cover the windows, even in the parlor. But in bedrooms especially made, it is much better. It is much more easily swept clean, is more healthful than carpet, and much cheaper, and certainly looks much more neat and pretty. A cheap and useful addition to a bedroom is a little shelf for holding books, etc. A little cheap pine or redwood shelf it may be, but covered with a pretty lambrequin of felt, or, better still, the remnant of the cretonne left from the washstand will give it a pretty "homey" look. Curtains of white muslin or serin, or even of coarse cloth, looped back with bright ribbons, are inexpensive and yet add much to the appearance of a room. And then in regard to the table, simple food perfectly cooked is always much more desired by the average boarder than an elaborate menu uninvitingly served.

When plenty of good fresh fruits and vegetables are so easily procured and for such a trifling outlay, why will so many of our housekeepers insist upon so much that is caused? Our season is such here that even in mid-winter we can always be sure of plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, and certainly they are much cheaper, and infinitely more to be desired than "canned stuff."

Crockery also is cheap so there is no excuse for setting a table with cracked or nicked dishes. Let the tablecloth be snowy white, the napkins ditto, the food and dishes carefully and invitingly laid out, and no matter how simple the meal may be it will be partaken of with a relish. In this country we can always have a vase or dish on the table filled with bright, freshly-cut flowers, and those who know the luxuries flowers in the winter are can fully appreciate them and certainly they add one-half to the looks or appearance of the table. Let the morning meal consist mainly of thoroughly cooked cereals, fresh eggs, baked potatoes, steak or chops, "done to a turn," warm biscuit or graham or rye goms, and good coffee. Not an elaborate breakfast certainly, but if well cooked and tastefully prepared, is sure to bring an exclamation of pleasure or look of satisfaction from the new inmate of your home and heart. Dinner, however, should be a little more sumptuous, and at least once a week a roast fowl or chicken pie; beef pie is also excellent and inexpensive, plenty of well-cooked vegetables, and good bread, and for dessert a simple pudding or custard, and a plentiful supply of fresh berries and fruits make up a menu which none could afford to disdain. Tea should consist mainly of light fresh biscuit rolls, and perhaps more cereals, a light cake or ginger bread, more fresh fruit or a little nice preserve, and good tea, and for those who do not drink tea, plenty of good warm milk. The articles of food most to be desired, viz., cereals, milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables, cost a little that they are within the reach of all, and it takes but little time to prepare them. Heavy, elaborate meals are not half so desirable or healthful as simple, well-cooked ones, and the average boarder will have the latter with delight. Heavy puddings, pastries and rich cakes are not worth the time or trouble it takes to prepare them, to say nothing of the cost. And the meat, etc., left over from one meal may be worked over into a most tempting and appetizing dish for the next. If desired, I will give in my next some good, plain, simple and nutritious receipts for cooking. And I sincerely trust that no housekeeper who really longs to add to the household fund, or earn a little pocket money for herself in this way, will hesitate to do so because she cannot show a richly furnished house or set an extravagant table.

THE DEATH OF DOMESTIC HELP.

Oh dear yes; people are just thronging here from the East, we know, and I suppose ought to rejoice because all this increase of population also adds to the increase of wealth in the State and all that—but well, frankly, I cannot but feel that if a host of good servants would only come with the throng, there would be much more rejoicing over them by the average housekeepers than can be felt by the land speculators when real estate which they may have in hand takes a sudden "rise." Why are we so desirous of these "ladies of the kitchen" when the East is literally over-filled with them? What few can be procured for love or money (and certainly they demand a good generous share of

the latter), are so independent and "high-down" in their ideas, that we tremble before them, and in despair we turn to John Chinaman for relief.

And does he bring no relief? Well, sometimes he is a very good cook, but then we never dare to investigate the mysteries of the kitchen while he is cooking, that is, I never have done since the day when I happened in and found him mixing the "gravy" for breakfast with the same water that he had previously washed the potatoes in. To my feelings, of course, John only smiled his bland and child-like smile, and observed: "Ah, good nice alles same water do muches."

Oh, yes, they are usually good cooks; but—well, it won't do to often look behind the screens when John rules the kitchen. We think that it comes naturally for a Chinaman to save water. Certainly if it was a rare and precious substance he could not be more careful of it, and he never, never, wastes it. No, indeed. In regard to your washing, for instance, mark how saving he is of it. Could any other man, under the sun, make so little water wash so many clothes? Certainly the clothes are not at all improved by this same saving of water, but it is John's "way" so we must submit in this as in other things. We must submit to his bursts of hilarity or freaks of ill-temper. After he has been having a "smoke," tobacco hath no charms for him; opium is bliss (to him, not to us). We are obliged to submit when he smashes the poor crockery; when he slams the door, thereby knocking some valuable article of bric-a-brac from the mantel or shelf; when he walks to the table with his coat on, and his big wooden shoes go clomping about on the floor, nearly dislodging all thoughts of sleep. True, John can usually iron. He can make the "gude man's" linen and our own collars and cuffs to shine. But, oh! Well, he can iron all our pretty tuckings the wrong way. He is warranted to wash all the color out of our delicate muslins, and mingle the said color with the whiteness of the baby's best embroidered robes, and then as a finish he can clean his irons on these same muslins and embroidered robes, so that the shirt bosoms shall not be saved, he can manage to make the "fronts" of things look "passing fair" and forget all about the "backs" of them.

Oh! John Chinaman, how much you cause us to suffer. What wages you demand, and how little you give in return! We don't want you any longer. We have no further use for you. We won't submit to be ruled by you any longer. Go back to China where you came from; and—Oh! wait a minute, we cannot spare you yet, John, we haven't any one to take your place. I became so angry that I almost disgraced myself. He led them out of one of the longest and narrowest of the galleries round about the Chinamen house servants a few months ago, that I determined to submit to their rule no longer. Surely there must be some one whom I could get to come and "do" for us, and I determined to find that "some one" if she was to be found. But, alas, the search was long and wearisome. After many days, when I was almost ready to give up the search in despair, I found a damsel who agreed to "come and try us a month to see if we would admit." With what joy we hailed her advent, and how we clapped to the ceiling musings—She had never been obliged to work, and just wanted a change, and would like to accommodate us. She knew how to feed fowl, but knew nothing about preparing them for table. She could peal potatoes, but she had never had to do it, and would rather not; so one of the "boys" was appointed to do the potato-peeling daily. The washing and ironing were sent out to the nearest laundry. The maid-servant had to wash and did not intend to do so. She was to be an ornament to our table when we joined in our evening gathering around the sitting-room table, went to church with us, borrowed my best bonnet and my pet perfumes, and utterly refused to be recognized as a "servant" or even as "help"—although I never blamed her for the latter, as certainly she could never truthfully answer to the name of help. Ah, well; she stayed with us three weeks, did this lady fair, and then she left us without warning. She had heard of a place where the folks were "real quality" and had everything splendid, including several grown-up sons, who were "real nice" and she was sure she could have "splendid" times if she went there.

Our second venture was a young girl, very young—about 15 years of age. I should think—Spanish by birth. She could not speak one word of English when she came to us, and was utterly untaught, uncouth and altogether ignorant a specimen as could be found. However, I took her in, clothed her in good, clean, new and comfortable clothing, offered to teach her everything about housekeeping; in short, make her a good servant, and then she left us without warning. She had heard of a place where the folks were "real quality" and had everything splendid, including several grown-up sons, who were "real nice" and she was sure she could have "splendid" times if she went there.

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I have gone back to John Chinaman. But O how I yearn for good old-fashioned Bridget. Why cannot a few carloads be sent out to us? I thought to little of that when I had them, and they were arrogant, etc. But I have grown wiser now, and when I read of the incoming tide of Eastern people I give vent to a long sigh of utter weariness and say: "If they would only bring out some first-class house servants with them, what a source of relief it would be to hundreds of poor, tired, worn out housekeepers."

Mrs. MARY E. STAFFORD.

The Indicator.
(Boston Transcript)

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A shrewd notion.
(Texas Siftings)

"I met Mr. Smith in a shabby coat a while ago. He has not failed, has he?" "No, he only put on that coat when he goes to the assessor's to give in his property for assessment."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF THE BUSHWACKER'S DAUGHTER.

Guerrilla Warfare—Lonely Homes—The Flight Through the Dark Caverns—Faithful Old Sambo—He Thinks "the Year of Jubilee" Is Coming.

CHAPTER VIII.

The hours of the long June day had worn away, and the soft beauty of the evening twilight had melted into the moonlit radiance of the night. Lilian and her companion had been undisturbed since the departure of the guerrilla leader in the morning by any further visitations from those without. Their plain, coarse food had been passed in by one of the rebel band and received from him in silence. Since his first visit they had seen nothing more of the old negro, but now, in the quiet hush of the night, as the noise of the camp was stilled, his words came back to Lilian, keeping alive in her heart the faint hope of escape.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when their attention was attracted by a slight noise, which seemed to proceed from one of the narrow passage-ways in the rear of the cave. It was a faint, rattling sound, as of falling stones and the dropping of little handfuls of gravel.

"Do you hear that noise?" whispered Lilian.

"Yes," said Byrd, "let us keep quiet and wait."

"Trust in the Law and die yere while." The words came back again to Lilian's memory like the echo of some musical refrain. They seemed born anew out of the sound of that dropping earth. The falling stones echoed: "Trust in the Law," and the silver moonlight, stealing down through the narrow cracks overhead, was like a silent "Amen" to the words.

For some fifteen minutes the sound continued, then, in a moment, all was still. Their eager ears caught at length the faintest sound of a footfall, and soon they could just discern the outline of the old negro's form as he approached them from the back of the cave.

"Ole Sambo, he hab come," he whispered as he reached the spot where they were seated. "Be careful, honey, an' make no noise, but jes' cum 'long wid me. I pears like de good Law can see you yet, John, we haven't any one to take your place."

I became so angry that I almost disgraced myself. He led them out of one of the longest and narrowest of the galleries round about the Chinamen house servants a few months ago, that I determined to submit to their rule no longer. Surely there must be some one whom I could get to come and "do" for us, and I determined to find that "some one" if she was to be found. But, alas, the search was long and wearisome. After many days, when I was almost ready to give up the search in despair, I found a damsel who agreed to "come and try us a month to see if we would admit."

With joy we hailed her advent, and how we clapped to the ceiling musings—She had never been obliged to work, and just wanted a change, and would like to accommodate us. She knew how to feed fowl, but knew nothing about preparing them for table. She could peal potatoes, but she had never had to do it, and would rather not; so one of the "boys" was appointed to do the potato-peeling daily. The washing and ironing were sent out to the nearest laundry. The maid-servant had to wash and did not intend to do so. She was to be an ornament to our table when we joined in our evening gathering around the sitting-room table, went to church with us, borrowed my best bonnet and my pet perfumes, and utterly refused to be recognized as a "servant" or even as "help"—although I never blamed her for the latter, as certainly she could never truthfully answer to the name of help. Ah, well; she stayed with us three weeks, did this lady fair, and then she left us without warning. She had heard of a place where the folks were "real quality" and had everything splendid, including several grown-up sons, who were "real nice" and she was sure she could have "splendid" times if she went there.

Our second venture was a young girl, very young—about 15 years of age. I should think—Spanish by birth. She could not speak one word of English when she came to us, and was utterly untaught, uncouth and altogether ignorant a specimen as could be found. However, I took her in, clothed her in good, clean, new and comfortable clothing, offered to teach her everything about housekeeping; in short, make her a good servant, and then she left us without warning. She had heard of a place where the folks were "real quality" and had everything splendid, including several grown-up sons, who were "real nice" and she was sure she could have "splendid" times if she went there.

I have gone back to John Chinaman. But O how I yearn for good old-fashioned Bridget. Why cannot a few carloads be sent out to us? I thought to little of that when I had them, and they were arrogant, etc. But I have grown wiser now, and when I read of the incoming tide of Eastern people I give vent to a long sigh of utter weariness and say: "If they would only bring out some first-class house servants with them, what a source of relief it would be to hundreds of poor, tired, worn out housekeepers."

Mrs. MARY E. STAFFORD.

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Here and there was one found who was loyal to the Union, and he was looked upon as an enemy. Guerrilla warfare was cruel, bloodthirsty and cowardly. But the South depended much upon it, and its outrages were never rebuked, nor its cruelty punished.

"I thinks, Massa Cunnel, dare am no place where you an' de young Missis would be just safe on dis side of your own country. Old Sambo, he knows de way, an' pears like he hab best take yet rite dare."

Lilian suggested the home of her Union friends over the mountains, but Col. Byrd, indorsing Sambo's opinion that "Dey wouldn't be safe dare from de gorillas, nowow," yielded quietly to the necessity which decided the direction of their flight.

[To be continued.]

The Vernon Railway Company will have cars passing the Nadeau Orange Grove by December 15th. Lots are selling fast. A. L. Teale, 10 Court street.

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